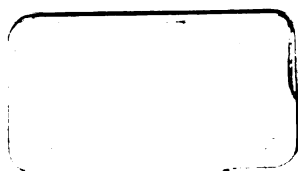


THE SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE
—
POPE
1737

OXFORD
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ENGLISH



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Ras. E fol. 40

THE
SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE,

IMITATED by Mr. POPE.

Ludentis speciem dabit & torquebitur—



L O N D O N: .
Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully's Head*, in *Pall-Mall*.
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THE
SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK of HORACE.

DEAR Col'nel! *Cobham's* and your Country's Friend!
You love a Verse, take such as I can send.

² A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins.— “This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
“ Observe his Shape how clean! his Locks how curl'd!
“ My only Son, I'd have him see the World:
“ His French is pure; his Voice too—you shall hear—
“ Sir, he's your Slave, for twenty pound a year.

“ Mere

*Flore, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni.
Si quis forte, &c.*

“ Mere Wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
 “ Your Barber, Cook, Upholst’rer, what you please.
 “ A perfect Genius at an Opera-Song—
 “ To say too much, might do my Honour wrong :
 “ Take him with all his Virtues, on my word ;
 “ His whole Ambition was to serve a Lord,
 “ But Sir, to you, with what wou’d I not part ?
 “ Tho’ faith, I fear ’twill break his Mother’s heart.
 “ Once, (and but once), I caught him in a Lye,
 “ And then, unwhipp’d, he had the grace to cry :
 “ The Fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 “ (Cou’d you o’erlook but that)—it is, to steal.

³ If, after this, you took the graceless Lad,
 Cou’d you complain, my Friend, he prov’d so bad ?
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfry should decide the Suit ;
 Who sent the Thief who stole the Cash, away,
 And punish’d him that put it in his way.

⁴ Consider then, and judge me in this light ;
 I told you when I went, I could not write ;

You

³ *Ille ferat pretium, &c.*

⁴ *Dixi me pigrum, &c.*

You said the same; and are you discontent
 With Laws, to which you gave your own assent?
 Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time!
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

⁵ In ANNA'S Wars, a Soldier poor and old,
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of Gold:
 Tir'd with a tedious March, one luckless night,
 He slept, poor Dog! and lost it, to a doit.
 This put the Man in such a desp'rate Mind,
 Between Revenge, and Grief, and Hunger join'd,
 Against the Foe, himself, and all Mankind,
 He leapt the Trenches, scal'd a Castle-Wall,
 Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
 "Prodigious well!" his great Commander cry'd,
 Gave him much Praise, and some Reward beside.
 Next pleas'd his Excellence a Town to batter;
 (Its Name I know not, and it's no great matter)
 "Go on, my Friend (he cry'd) see yonder Walls!
 "Advance and conquer! go where Glory calls!
 "More Honours, more Rewards, attend the Brave"—
 Don't you remember what Reply he gave?

B

D'ye

⁵ *Luculli miles, &c.*

“ D’ye think me, noble Gen’ral, fuch a Sot ?

“ Let him take Castles who has ne’er a Groat.”

‘ Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek, the Wrath of Peleus’ Son.
Besides, my Father taught me from a Lad,
The better Art to know the good from bad :
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in *Maudlin’s* learned Grove.)
But knottier Points we knew not half so well,
Depriv’d us soon of our Paternal Cell ;
And certain Laws, by Suff’ers thought unjust,
Deny’d all Posts of Profit or of Trust :
Hopes after Hopes of pious Papists fail’d,
While mighty WILLIAM’S thundring Arm prevail’d.
For Right Hereditary tax’d and fin’d,
He stuck to Poverty with Peace of Mind ;
And me, the Muses help’d to undergo it ;
Convict a Papist He, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to *Homer*) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,

Sure

‘ *Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, &c.*

Sure I should want the Care of ten * *Monroes*,
If I would scribble, rather than repose.

⁷ Years foll'wing Years, steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from our selves away ;
In one our Frolicks, one Amusements end,
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend :
This subtle Thief of Life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my Rhime ?
If ev'ry Wheel of that unweary'd Mill
That turn'd ten thousand Verses, now stands still.

⁸ But after all, what wou'd you have me do ?
When out of twenty I can please not two ;
When this Hercules only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays ?
One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg ;
The Vulgar boil, the Learned roast an Egg ;
Hard Task ! to hit the Palate of such Guests,
When Oldfield loves, what Dar--n--f detests.

⁹ But grant I may relapse, for want of Grace,
Again to rhyme, can *London* be the Place ?

landA

Who

* *Dr. MONROE, Physician to Bedlam Hospital.*

¹ *Singula de nobis anni, &c.*

² *Præter cætera, me Roma-ne, &c.*

³ *Denique non omnes, &c.*

Who there his Muse, or Self, or Soul attends?
 In Crouds and Courts, Law, Business, Feasts and Friends?
 My Counsel sends to execute a Deed:
 A Poet begs me, I will hear him read:
 In Palace-Yard at Nine you'll find me there—
 At Ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry-Square—
 Before the Lords at Twelve my Cause comes on—
 There's a Rehearfal, Sir, exact at One.—
 “ Oh but a Wit can study in the Streets,
 “ And raise his Mind above the Mob he meets.”
 Not quite so well however as one ought;
 A Hackney-Coach may chance to spoil a Thought,
 And then a nodding Beam, or Pig of Lead,
 God knows, may hurt the very ablest Head.
 Have you not seen at Guild-hall's narrow Pass,
 Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass?
 And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
 Ev'n to their own S-r-v--nce in a Carr?
¹⁰ Go, lofty Poet! and in such a Croud,
 Sing thy sonorous Verse—but not aloud.

Alas!

¹⁰ *Inunc, & versus, &c.*

Alas! to Grotto's and to Groves we run,
 To Ease and Silence, ev'ry Muse's Son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand Effort,
 Would drink and doze at **Tooting* or *Earl's-Court*.
 How shall I rhyme in this eternal Roar?
 How match the Bards whom none e'er match'd before?
 The Man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm Retreat
 To Books and Study gives sev'n years compleat,
 See! throw'd with learned dust, his Night-cap on,
 He walks, an Object new beneath the Sun!
 The Boys flock round him, and the People stare:
 So stiff, so mute! some Statue, you would swear,
 Stept from its Pedestal ~~to take the Air.~~
 And here, while Town, and Court, and City roars,
 With Mobs, and Duns, and Soldiers, at their doors;
 Shall I, in *London*, act this idle part?
 Composing Songs, for Fools to get by heart?
 " The *Temple* late two Brother Sergeants saw,
 Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;

C

With

* *Two Villages within 3 or 4 Miles of London.*

" *Frater erat Romæ, &c.*

With equal Talents, these congenial Souls,
 One lull'd th' *Exchequer*, and one stum'd the *Rolls*;
 Each had a Gravity wou'd make you split,
 And shook his head at *M—y*, as a Wit.
 'Twas, "Sir your Law"—and "Sir, your Eloquence"—
 "Yours *Cooper's* Manner—and yours *Talbot's* Sense."

¹² Thus we dispose of all poetic Merit,
 Yours *Milton's* Genius, and mine *Homer's* Spirit.
 Call *Tibbald Shakespear*, and he'll swear the Nine
 Dear *Cibber*! never match'd one Ode of thine.
 Lord! how we strut thro' *Merlin's* Cave, to see
 No Poets there, but *Stephen*, you, and me.
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
 Weave Laurel Crowns, and take what Names we please.
 "My dear *Tibullus*!" if that will not do,
 "Let me be *Horace*, and be *Ovid* you.
 "Or, I'm content, allow me *Dryden's* strains,
 "And you shall rise up *Otway* for your pains."
¹³ Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhiming Race;

And

¹² *Carmina compono, hic elegos, &c.*

¹³ *Multa fero, ut placeam, &c.*

And much must flatter, if the Whim should bite
 To seek applause by printing what I write :
 But let the Fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough,
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

14 In vain, bad Rhimers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound respect ;
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
 Each prais'd within, is happy all day long.
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The Men, who write such Verse as we can read?
 Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare
 That wants or Force, or Light, or Weight, or Care,
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
 Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace ;
 Such they'll degrade ; and sometimes, in its stead,
 In downright Charity revive the dead ;
 Mark where a bold expressive Phrase appears,
 Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years ;
 Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
 Such as wise *Bacon*, or brave *Raleigh* spake ;

Or

14 *Ridentur, mala qui componunt, &c.*

Or bid the new be *English*, Ages hence,
 (For Use will father what's begot by Sense)
 Pour the full Tide of Eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the Treasures of each foreign Tongue ;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line ;
 Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
 You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please :
 " But Ease in writing flows from Art, not Chance,
 " As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

" If such the Plague and pains to write by rule,
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool ;
 Call, if you will, bad Rhiming a disease,
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
 There liv'd, *in primo Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy Member, no small Fool, a Lord ;
 Who, tho' the House was up, delighted fate,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full Debate :

In

* * *Prætulerim scriptor delirus, &c.*

In all but this, a man of sober Life,
 Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife,
 Not quite a Mad-man, tho' a Pasty fell,
 And much too wise to walk into a Well :
 Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they cur'd :
 Whereat the Gentleman began to stare—
 My Friends? he cry'd, p—x take you for your care!
 That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple *Vote*.

¹⁷ Well, on the whole, then Prose must be my fate :
 Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.
 There is a time when Poets will grow dull :
 I'll e'en leave Verses to the Boys at school :
 To Rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
 I learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind,
 Teach ev'ry Thought within its bounds to roll,
 And keep the equal Measure of the Soul.

¹⁸ Soon as I enter at my Country door,
 My Mind resumes the thread it dropt before ;

D

Thoughts,

¹⁷ *Nimirum sapere est, &c.*

¹⁸ *Quocirca mecum loquor hæc, &c.*

Thoughts, which at Hyde-Park-Corner I forgot,
 Meet and rejoin me, in my pensive Grott.
 There all alone, and Compliments apart,
 I ask these sober questions of my Heart.

¹⁹ If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
 You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
 The more you want, why not with equal ease
 Confess as well your Folly, as Disease?
 The Heart resolves this matter in a trice,
 "Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."

²⁰ When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,
 You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
 When servile Chaplains cry, that Birth and Place
 Indue a Peer with Honour, Truth, and Grace,
 Look in that Breast, most dirty D—! be fair,
 Say, can you find out one such Lodger there?
 Yet still, not heeding what your Heart can teach,
 You go to Church to hear these Flatt'ers preach.

Indeed, could Wealth bestow or Wit or Merit,
 A grain of Courage, or a spark of Spirit,

The

¹⁹ *Si tibi nulla sitim, &c.*

²⁰ *Si vulnus tibi, &c.*

The wisest Man might blush, I must agree,
If *D * * ** lov'd Sixpence, more than he.

²¹ If there be truth in Law, and *Use* can give
A *Property*, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful *Abs-court*, if its Fields afford
Their Fruits to you, confesses you its Lord:
All He—te's Hens, nay Partridge, sold to town,
His Ven'son too, a Guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what difference will be found?
You pay a Penny, and he paid a Pound.

the cote. ²² H—te himself, and such large-acred Men,
Lords of fat *E'sham*, or of Lincoln Fen,
Buy every stick of Wood that lends them heat,
Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln Town.
The Laws of God, as well as of the Land,
Abhor, a *Perpetuity* should stand:

Estates

²¹ *Si proprium est, &c.*

²² *Emptor Aricini, quondam, &c.*

Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
²³ Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring Hour ;
 Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
 By sale, at least by death, to change their Lord.
Man? and *for ever?* Wretch ! what wou'dst thou have?
 Heir urges Heir, like Wave impelling Wave :
 All vast Possessions (just the same the case
 Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace)
 Alas, my BATHURST ! what will they avail ?
 Join *Cotswold* Hills to *Saperton's* fair Dale,
 Let rising Granaries and Temples here,
 There mingled Farms and Pyramids appear,
 Link TOWNS to TOWNS with AVENUES of OAK,
 Enclose whole Downs in Walls, 'tis all a joke !
 Inexorable Death shall level all,
 And Trees, and Stones, and Farms, and Farmer fall.

²⁴ Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,
 Paint, Marble, Gems, and Robes of *Persian* Dye,
 There are who have not—and thank Heav'n there are
 Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

Talk

²³ *Si proprium est, &c.*

²⁴ *Gemmas, marmor, ebur, &c.*

²⁵ Talk what you will of Taste, my Friend, you'll find,
Two of a Face, as soon as of a Mind.

Why, of two Brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from Sun to Sun;
The other flights, for Women, Sports, and Wines,
All *Townshend's* Turnips, and all *Grovenor's* Mines :
Why one like *Bu—* with Pay and Scorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament ;
One, driv'n by strong Benevolence of Soul,
Shall fly, like *Oglethorp*, from Pole to Pole :
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
Who forms the Genius in the natal Hour ;
That God of Nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our Action, not constrains our Will ;
Various of Temper, as of Face or Frame,
Each Individual : His great End the same.

²⁶ Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My Heir may sigh, and think it want of Grace
A man so poor wou'd live without a *Place* :

But

E

But

²⁵ *Cur. alter fratrum cessare, &c.*

²⁶ *Utar, & ex modico, &c.*

But fure no Statute in his favour fays,
 How free, or frugal, I fhall pafs my days :
 I, who at fome times fpend, at others fpare,
 Divided between Carelefnefs and Care.

'Tis one thing madly to difperfe my ftore,
 Another, not to heed to treasure more ;
 Glad, like a Boy, to fnatch the firft good day,
 And pleas'd, if fordid Want be far away.

²⁷ What is't to me (a Passenger God wot)
 Whether my Veffel be firft-rate or not ?
 The Ship it felf may make a better figure,
 But I that fail, am neither lefs nor bigger.
 I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
 Nor ftrive with all the Tempeft in my teeth.
 In Pow'r, Wit, Figure, Virtue, Fortune, plac'd
 Behind the foremoft, and before the laft.

²⁸ " But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
 I wifh you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone ;
 But does no other lord it at this hour,
 As wild and mad? the Avarice of Pow'r?

Does

²⁷ —*Ego utrum Nave ferar magna an parva, ferar unus & idem.*
²⁸ *Non es avarus, &c.*

Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
 Not the black Fear of Death, that saddens all?
 With Terrors round can Reason hold her throne,
 Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
 Survey both Worlds, intrepid and entire,
 In spight of Witches, Devils, Dreams, and Fire?
 Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
 And count each Birth-day with a grateful mind?
 Has Life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
 Can't thou endure a Foe, forgive a Friend?
 Has Age but melted the rough parts away,
 As Winter-fruits grow mild e'er they decay?
 Or will you think, my Friend, your business done,
 When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?

²⁹ Learn to live well, or fairly make your Will;
 You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
 Walk sober off; before a sprightlier Age
 Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
 Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
 Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

²⁹ *Vivere si rectè nescis, &c.*

(15)

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